

OUT OF STEP

Written by

Carol Prunsk

WGAW# 1739142

TEASER

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY - AUDITION STUDIO - DAY
(TERRI, CHOREOGRAPHER, YOUNG DANCER, VARIOUS DANCERS)

TERRI DOMINOWSKI, DANCER NUMBER 19, FLAILS THROUGH AN AUDITION, CLUELESS. DANCERS EXECUTE ENCHAÎNÉ TURNS TO THE RIGHT, BUT TERRI CAN ONLY SKITTER IN THAT DIRECTION, TO FINISH THREE BEATS BEHIND THE REST OF THE GROUP. JAZZ HANDS.

CHOREOGRAPHER

All right, stop, stop, stop!

Please step forward, numbers 11,
and 19.

TERRI AND ANOTHER DANCER STEP FORWARD, MORTIFIED. EVERYONE IS STARING AT THEM.

CHOREOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

That will be all, thank you. Okay,
everybody, let's run it for real,
this time.

TERRI GRABS HER BAG AND HEADS FOR THE DRESSING ROOM. A TINY YOUNG DANCER, TRAINED IN FAKE SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY GRABS TERRI'S HAND.

YOUNG DANCER

Wow, I'm so sorry, ma'am. I can't
imagine how embarrassing that had
to be.

(MORE)

YOUNG DANCER (CONT'D)

I'll never understand why they put
you singers through callbacks when
everybody knows what's going to
happen. But, don't you fret, now.
I'm sure there's all kinds of shows
where all you have to do is just
stand there. Anyway, better luck
next time.

THE DANCER SASHAYS OFF AND PREPARES TO DANCE.

TERRI

Ma'am? Me? I'm not--

TERRI CHECKS OUT HER FACE IN THE MIRROR.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Grandma?

CHOREOGRAPHER

Next group, please.

A DOZEN DANCERS RUSH PAST TERRI, ALMOST MOWING HER DOWN.

ANOTHER DANCER
Excuse me, ma'am.

YET ANOTHER DANCER
Sorry, ma'am.

A THIRD DANCER
Pardon me, ma'am.

PENULTIMATE DANCER
I just gotta get by, ma'am.

TERRI

I am NOT a ma'am!

FINAL DANCER

Uh, ma'am? Did you take my dance
bag by mistake?

TERRI

What? Of course not. This is--

Oh... Very similar to mine.

FINAL DANCER

Don't worry, ma'am. My mom picks
up the wrong suitcase at the
airport all the time.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. KNIGHT KISS PERFUME - TERRI'S DESK - DAY
(TERRI, JOSH, ANGELA, IRA, ELIZABETH)

TERRI RUSHES AROUND THE CORNER AND STOPS DEAD IN HER TRACKS.
ON HER DESK ARE A HALF-DOZEN BIRTHDAY BALLOONS ANCHORED TO A
BOTTLE OF PERFUME. SHE READS THE CARD.

TERRI

A birthday concoction from Randy
and Rich in the lab. May you
always pass the smell test. Oh,
how...

SHE TAKES A WHIFF OF THE FRAGRANCE AND RECOILS.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Oh, wow!

SHE FANS THE ODOR AWAY, SLIDES INTO HER CHAIR, KICKS OFF HER
SNEAKERS, AND SLIDES INTO HER STILETTOS. JOSH KEELER
STROLLS IN FROM AROUND THE CORNER.

JOSH

Hey, Terri, happy birthday.

HE HANDS HER A BOX.

TERRI

Well, thank you, Josh.

JOSH

I hope you like chocolate. Are
those your sneakers I smell?

TERRI

No, the guys in the lab made up a
bamboozle scent for me.

JOSH

You mean, bad in the bottle, hot on
the bod?

TERRI

Well, they've nailed the bad part.

JOSH

You going to try it?

TERRI

I'm not going to try it, you try
it.

JOSH

No. I couldn't, it wouldn't be
fair to the ladies. So, anyway, is
Skippy the Wonder Dog available for
a phone call with Hot French
Vanilla?

TERRI

Sorry. Ira is in a meeting with
Stéphane.

JOSH

Fine. Have him find me. I gotta
get on that call. Happy birthday,
Terri. You're the awesomest.

TERRI

Thanks, Josh.

JOSH CONTINUES ON DOWN THE HALL. A HAND HOLDING A CUPCAKE WITH A SINGLE LIT CANDLE APPEARS AT THE CORNER.

ANGELA

(Singing)

Stand up and cheer for my best

friend Terri,

Today is her birthday so let's make

it merry,

ANGELA CALEPHINI FOLLOWS THE CUPCAKE TO TERRI'S DESK.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We're going to get drunk,

And look for a hunk,

Of chocolate cake and top it with a

big, fat cherry.

TERRI

Wow! Thank you! That was...

Vaguely obscene.

ANGELA

Only the vaguest, for my Ter-Bear.

How'd the audition go?

TERRI

Somewhere between a train wreck and

that nightmare where I'm naked.

ANGELA

Ouch. Well, put that out of your
mind.

TERRI

I can't. It's burned there.

ANGELA

Well, they just don't know raw
talent when they see it.

TERRI

Too bad they didn't see it today.

ANGELA

So, you had a bad day. F them. F
them and the horse they rode in on.
There'll be more auditions. Not
every single show in the history of
theatre needs dancing singers.

TERRI

I know. All two of them.

ANGELA

See? There ya go. You can tell me
all about it tonight over hot sake,
because I got us a reservation at
Sushi Wren!

ANGELA STARTS SINGING THE SECOND VERSE

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Stand up and cheer for my best
friend Terri,

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Today is her birthday so let's make
it merry,
Tonight we'll have sushi,
If Ira isn't dou--

THE DOOR ACROSS FROM TERRI'S DESK OPENS. IRA STERNENBERGER
STICKS HIS HEAD OUT AND LOOKS AROUND.

IRA

Did I hear singing?

TERRI

Maybe. Why do you ask?

ANGELA

Hello, Ira.

IRA

Well, maybe if I knew my assistant
was having a birthday, I might be
persuaded to give her a present.

TERRI

It's my birthday! It's my
birthday! What did you get me?

IRA HANDS HER A CD.

IRA

It's Norah Jones. She's my
favorite singer. I hope you like
this as much as I do.

TERRI

Oh, thank you. I'm sure I will.

AWKWARD SILENCE. MERCIFULLY, IRA'S GIRLFRIEND, ELIZABETH MOORE BREEZES AROUND THE CORNER.

ELIZABETH

Ira! I was just dropping off some documents for Stéphane and the mood struck me for a late lunch at Quizás.

IRA

How could I refuse?

ELIZABETH

Wait. That's what you're wearing?

IRA

Apparently.

ELIZABETH

A green-gray jacket with a blue-gray tie? Really? Well, I suppose we could go to the Paramount.

IRA

I can change.

ANGELA

(TO TERRI) Doubtful.

IRA DISAPPEARS INTO HIS OFFICE. MORE AWKWARD SILENCE.

TERRI

(SEARCHING FOR A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION) So. Elizabeth. How's MaidenTex proceeding? I heard it might get a little ugly.

ELIZABETH

You must not read the trades, dear.
The job I did on them was so 10
minutes ago. Woe to he who messes
with me.

IRA REAPPEARS.

IRA

Better?

ELIZABETH

Much.

IRA

I'll be back about 3:00. Just take
messages unless it's Stéphane.
Tell him I'm in the men's room and
then call me on my cell, okay?

TERRI

Your wish is my command.

IRA TURNS TO ELIZABETH AND OFFERS HIS ARM.

ELIZABETH

Really, Ira. I wish you wouldn't
encourage her tone like that.

THEY DISAPPEAR AROUND THE CORNER. ANGELA PRETENDS TO THROW
UP IN HER MOUTH.

ANGELA

Ugh. My skin just crawled right
off my body. I think I'll follow
it back down to H.R.

(MORE)

OUT OF STEP
"Pilot" 9/1/2014

11.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'll pick you up here at 6:30.

Bye, bye, birthday girl.

SCENE C

INT. SUSHI WREN - NIGHT
(TERRI, ANGELA, WAITER)

TERRI AND ANGELA ARE DEEP IN CONVERSATION, GESTURING WITH CHOPSTICKS AT EACH OTHER.

TERRI

Ma'am! Ma'am!! She called me
ma'am!!! That's what you call
little old ladies! I'm not a
ma'am. I'm still a miss! A miss!

ANGELA

Aww, honey. You're a hit in my
book. She was probably just trying
to psych you out. And she would
only do that if you were a threat.

TERRI

Oh, please. A threat is someone who
makes it through the callback.

TERRI KNOCKS BACK A SAKE. ANGELA KEEPS PACE.

TERRI (CONT'D)

So. I've been thinking about this
a lot, lately. I'm 31 years old.
I've been trying to make it in New
York for three years now, and I
can't even catch the tiniest little
break.

TERRI (CONT'D)

What if it's not meant to happen
for me? What if I never ever make
it?

ANGELA

Okay, first of all, shut the hell
up. I've heard you sing, and I
would not associate with you if you
were not the best of the best.

TERRI

No! Angela! I can't beat my head
against the wall like this any
more. I can't sit outside on 46th
street at 5:00 in the morning, in
the cold and the smell, waiting for
an audition appointment for some
nebulous role that's already been
cast, or that I'm too old for in
the first place.

ANGELA

So, what does that mean?

TERRI

It means that I'm beginning to
think it's time to give up the
dream.

ANGELA

But... That's all you've ever
wanted since you were a little kid.

TERRI

Oh, Ange. Almost nobody gets what
they wanted since they were a
little kid. And I--

A WAITER WALKS UP TO THE TABLE.

WAITER

Hi, Marlanna's on break. Can I get
you-- Oh, my God, 19? I'm sorry I
didn't recognize you. I feel so
bad for you.

TERRI

Oh, hi, uh...

WAITER

Five. I was number five.

TERRI

OK, five... So... I hope it went
well for you...

WAITER

Yeah, so far so good. They asked
me to come back and read tomorrow,
so cross your fingers for me.

HE FLOUNCES OFF. THE GIRLS ARE GOBSMACKED.

TERRI

So... Anyway... To make my point, Knight Kiss loves me. I'm not just another worthless wannabe to them. Everybody is so great, and the money is soooo good. I'm happy there. Maybe it's time for me to give up all this stupidity and start working with what's working.

ANGELA

Okay, before you spin out of control, let's just think about this. From the outside looking in, I would say that you have no problem getting a callback. Every disaster you have ever told me about is when they make you dance. So, why aren't you learning to dance?

TERRI

Oh, Ange, remember that time when I went to Times Square Dance? They made me feel like the biggest geek alive. And all those tourists were laughing at me through those plate glass windows!

ANGELA

Well, consider this. I was reading here in Slender Magazine about how dance is so slimming, and you know, Gino has asked me to go engagement ring shopping with him, so if we're going to get married I'll have to lose 30 pounds for the wedding.

TERRI

Oh, Ange! You're getting engaged!

ANGELA

I guess it was only natural.

TERRI

You don't sound very excited.

ANGELA

I don't know, I guess I should be. We've been dating since grade school, so, of course, it's what everybody expects, but...

TERRI

Ange, don't you love Gino?

ANGELA

Of course, I do. I'm just not sure in what way.

TERRI

Marriage is kind of a specific way.

ANGELA

Eh. The thrill wears off in a year or so anyway. It's the wedding pictures that count. So, I was reading a feature about this Madame Sofia who says she can teach even a refrigerator to dance. And I was thinking, what if we go together?

TERRI

A refrigerator?

ANGELA

From what I hear, you dance somewhat like a refrigerator. Terri, what can it hurt? If we try this together and you can't learn to dance, then you won't be any worse off than you are today. You didn't come all the way to New York to give up without whacking hard at the most obvious thing. What do you say?

TERRI

I don't know... Yes, I do, you're right. I've only kind of wiffed at the most obvious thing. Okay, if I'm not cast in something in six months, I give up the dream.

SCENE D

KNIGHT KISS PERFUME - TERRI'S DESK
(ANGELA, TERRI, STÉPHANE)

TERRI IS AT HER DESK, WITH TINTED GLASSES, NO MAKEUP, HAIR IN A BUN. ANGELA COMES FROM AROUND THE CORNER IN A SIMILAR STATE.

ANGELA

Oh, thank God for half-day summer
Fridays. My head may not last 'til
noon.

TERRI

Angela, did I promise to go to
ballet school with you?

ANGELA

Yes, and you're not backing out.

TERRI

I seem to recall that--

STÉPHANE CHARPENTIER COMES FROM AROUND THE CORNER AND APPROACHES TERRI'S DESK. BOTH WOMEN SNAP INTO COMPLETE PROFESSIONALISM.

STÉPHANE

Good morning, ladies. Terri, is
Ira in yet?

TERRI

No, he's at Dunwoody, Levin,
Parker, Shearson, Wilson,
Silkowitz, and Morris. But I can
try to reach him on his cell.

STÉPHANE

I was hoping he could sit in on
this. But, I suppose I can speak
to you without his input. Terri,
may I speak with you privately?
Angela, would you please excuse us?

ANGELA

See you tomorrow, Terri.

TERRI

Bye, Angela.

TERRI AND STÉPHANE GO INTO IRA'S OFFICE. THE DOOR CLOSES,
LEAVING ANGELA ALONE AND FREAKED OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE E

INT. GRAND PARISIAN BALLET ACADEMY - ELEVATOR LANDING - DAY
(ANGELA, TERRI)

ANGELA

Oh, my God, I thought you were dead
meat. A promotion? He offered you
a promotion?

TERRI

Yeah. Thanks for calling and
checking on me.

ANGELA

Gino's grandmother was teaching me
how to make her special osso bucco
and she gave me the evil eye every
time I looked at my cell phone.
No, the REAL evil eye. So, what
did you do? You took the job?

TERRI

I told him I would think about it.
I don't know if I want to go into
marketing. I don't know if I want
to be managing projects I should be
starring in. And you know, there's
other stuff...

ANGELA

I don't know what to tell you, Terr-
Bear. It's a great opportunity,
but there goes your dream.

INT. GRAND PARISIAN DANCE ACADEMY - LOBBY - DAY
(FRANKLIN, ANGELA, TERRI, CHRISTINE, MELINDA, MADAME SOFIA,
SUE)

TERRI AND ANGELA WALK UP TO FRANKLIN COOKE, WHO IS STANDING
BEHIND THE DESK. HE IS A SIXTY-SOMETHING, BALDING MAN
WEARING A SEEDY TWEED JACKET. FRANKLIN IS BEYOND JAUNTY, TO
THE POINT OF FAKE-CHEERFUL.

FRANKLIN

Well! Who do we have here?

ANGELA

I'm Angela Calephini and this is
Terri Dominowski. We'd like to
sign up to learn how to dance.

FRANKLIN

You've certainly come to the right
place! Do you have any experience?

TERRI

Not really.

FRANKLIN

Well, don't you worry, girls.
Madam Sofia is the best teacher in
New York City. She'll have you
doing pirouettes in no time. Why
don't you get started filling out
these forms?

CASIMIRO, THE CAPOEIRA INSTRUCTOR FINISHES HIS CLASS AND WALKS PAST THE FRONT DESK AND GOES INTO THE FACULTY DRESSING ROOM.

ANGELA

Hello, sailor. Woof.

CHRISTINE DALTON, A SHARPLY-DRESSED WOMAN IN HER LATE 20'S EXITS THE ELEVATOR AND WALKS UP TO THE FRONT DESK, HANDING FRANKLIN A CARD, WHICH HE STAMPS.

FRANKLIN

Christine! How are you today, my
dear?

CHRISTINE

Tiger ate my grandma.

FRANKLIN RETURNS TO TERRI AND ANGELA, WHO ARE STILL FILLING OUT FORMS.

FRANKLIN

Good! Good! Keep up the good
work!

CHRISTINE SHAKES HER HEAD AND WALKS INTO THE DRESSING ROOM.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

So will you ladies be paying in
cash, or cash?

TERRI

Do you accept MasterCard?

FRANKLIN

I'm sorry girls, this is a cash
only operation.

ANGELA

How much is it?

FRANKLIN

Fifteen each.

THEY CHECK THEIR PURSES.

TERRI

I only have ten.

ANGELA

I have twenty.

FRANKLIN

Perfect. Then, it's no trouble at
all.

FRANKLIN SNATCHES THE TWO BILLS AND STICKS THEM IN A LOCK
BOX. MELINDA MONROE A TALL, GORGEOUS BLACK WOMAN IN HER
EARLY 30'S WITH FLAWLESS HAIR AND SKIN SWEEPS IN AND HANDS
HER CARD TO FRANKLIN, WHO STAMPS IT AND GIVES IT BACK TO HER.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Ah, beautiful Melinda, how are you
on this day that is almost as
pretty as you?

MELINDA

My house fell into a sink hole.

FRANKLIN TAKES TERRI AND ANGELA'S FORMS AND STASHES THEM IN A
FOLDER.

FRANKLIN

Excellent! You know if you keep it
up, you'll be a big star some day.

MELINDA SHOOTS AN ANNOYED LOOK AT TERRI AND ANGELA AND WALKS
INTO THE DRESSING ROOM. MADAM SOFIA WALKS UP TO THE DESK.
SHE ALSO IS SIXTY-SOMETHING AND VERY, VERY RUSSIAN. TALL AND
WILLOWY, SHE CARRIES HERSELF LIKE A CZARINA.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Girls, I would like you to meet
Madame Sofia, the greatest prima
ballerina the world has ever known.
Sofia, this is Terri and Angela.
They have never danced before, and
they want you to teach them how.

MADAME SOFIA

How lucky you are to have chosen to
come here. For you see, I can
teach a refrigerator how to dance.

TERRI AND ANGELA EXCHANGE WARY GLANCES. MADAM SOFIA GLIDES
OFF TO THE BARRE AND BEGINS WARMING UP. SUE NAKAMURA, A 20-
YEAR-OLD JAPANESE WOMAN ENTERS AND WALKS UP TO THE DESK.
FRANKLIN STAMPS HER CARD.

FRANKLIN

Sue! How is my light of the rising
sun?

SUE

My neighbor shoot my dog.

FRANKLIN

That's wonderful, sweetheart, you
keep plugging away at it.

SUE PROCEEDS TO THE DRESSING ROOM AND OPENS THE DOOR AND
LOOKS IN.

SUE

This look like Sutorippu gekijo.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Oh, no. What does that mean?

SUE

Strip joint!

GALES OF LAUGHTER.

MELINDA (O.S.)

Wait. How do you say that again?

SUE

Sutorippu gekijo.

THE WOMEN REPEAT THE PHRASE AND LAUGH AS SUE ENTERS THE
DRESSING ROOM.

SCENE F

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

(CHRISTINE, TERRI, ANGELA, SUE, MELINDA)

TERRI AND ANGELA ENTER A SMALL ROOM LINED WITH LOCKERS AND HEAD TOWARD A BENCH. CHRISTINE AND SUE ARE DRESSING BEHIND OPEN LOCKER DOORS.

CHRISTINE

Don't sit there!

TERRI

Why?

CHRISTINE

You'll find out soon enough. Hi,
I'm Christine. And this is Sue.
That's Melinda in the rest room
preparing her face to sweat.

ANGELA

Hi, I'm Angela.

TERRI

And I'm Terri.

CHRISTINE

Welcome. How did you hear about
this place?

ANGELA

Well, I read an article in Slender
Magazine about what a great teacher
Madame Sofia is.

CHRISTINE

Slender? You read it in Slender?

YES!

(Doing the happy rap)

I have a reader, I am persuasive.

My boss will love me, I am a
writer.

TERRI

So, you're a writer?

CHRISTINE

No. I'm in sales. But, I sold my
boss on letting me write it. And,
I got a reader who took the call to
action. Ah... It's good to be the
queen.

SUE

No, Melinda is the queen.

ANGELA

Really.

TERRI

So then, Madame Sofia taught you
how to dance?

CHRISTINE

Let's say I'm evolving.

ANGELA

So you're still a refrigerator?

CHRISTINE

Not at all. I am a washing
machine.

SUE

She can spin.

ANGELA

And what are you, Sue?

SUE

I am a lamp.

CHRISTINE

She's so bright.

TERRI

And Melinda in there?

CHRISTINE

Slumming.

MELINDA ENTERS THE LOCKER ROOM. SHE IS AS NAKED AS THE
MINUTE SHE WAS BORN. NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHERE TO LOOK.

MELINDA

Christine, have you seen my-- Oh,
there they are.

SHE GRABS A PAIR OF TIGHTS FROM AN OPEN LOCKER AND SITS HER
NAKED FEMALE PARTS ON THE BARE BENCH.

TERRI

...and thank you, Christine.

MELINDA

Well, hello, new girls. Welcome to
our little class. I'm Melinda.
Melinda Monroe.

TERRI

Hi. I'm Terri Dominowski.

ANGELA

And I'm Angela Calephini.

MELINDA
(Laughing)

Calephini, huh? Any relation to
Alfredo the Axe Calephini?

ANGELA

That would be my Uncle Al.

MELINDA

Oh, God... So that makes you what?
A mob niece?

ANGELA

No, actually, I'm an H.R.
generalist.

TERRI

And I'm a refrigerator who wants to
dance. Come on, pit bull, let's go
warm up with some pliés or
something.

ANGELA

Okay, fine. Or maybe some knee
bends.

TERRI AND ANGELA EXIT THE LOCKER ROOM.

SUE

Ooooh, a smackdown comin'.

SCENE G

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

(MADAME SOFIA, TERRI, ANGELA, FRANKLIN)

MADAM SOFIA AND A FEW OTHER STUDENTS ARE ALREADY ON THE FLOOR
WHEN TERRI AND ANGELA ENTER, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHER THREE
WOMEN.

MADAME SOFIA

All right, ballerinas, let us
begin. New girls, we will start
with the stretch on the floor.
Everyone sit please, legs in front
of you. Elbows on the floor on
either side of your right knee.
Now, grab your toes and pull
backwards, lifting your heel off
the floor.

MELINDA PERFORMS THE STRETCH HANDILY. TERRI LOOKS AT ANGELA
IN DISBELIEF.

TERRI

I will never forgive you.

MADAME SOFIA

New girls, no talking! Just try to
touch your toes.

MONTAGE: THE CLASS FALLS OVER THEMSELVES DOING TWO OR THREE
TURNS ACROSS THE FLOOR, WHILE MELINDA DOES A DOZEN IN A
CIRCLE. EVERYTHING THE CLASS STRUGGLES TO DO, MELINDA
HANDLES EASILY.

CLASS ENDS WITH THE REVERENCE PORT DE BRAS, WHEREIN THE
STUDENTS FOLLOW MADAM SOFIA THROUGH THE VARIOUS ARM MOTIONS
AND BOWS INVOLVED IN A CURTAIN CALL.

IT IS SLOW, BEAUTIFUL, AND EVEN TERRI AND ANGELA LOOK LIKE FAIRY PRINCESSES. MADAM SOFIA TURNS AND APPLAUDS THEM, AND THE CLASS, IN TURN, APPLAUDS HER.

ANGELA

Oh, my God, for about two seconds there, I felt like a real ballerina.

TERRI

I know, me too. It was like magic.

MADAM SOFIA JOINS THE TWO WOMEN.

MADAME SOFIA

Girls, you see how hard ballet is, but you see it can be done. You see how I can teach you? In truth, I think I am the only one who can teach you. Now, go home, take a hot bath, and have a glass of wine. I will see you Monday night at 6:30, yes?

TERRI

YES!

ALL THE WOMEN RETREAT INTO THE DRESSING ROOM, AND MADAME SOFIA RETIRES TO HERS, LEAVING FRANKLIN ALONE AT THE DESK. THE PHONE RINGS.

FRANKLIN

Hello, Grand Parisian Dance Academy. This is Franklin, your General Manager.

(MORE)

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(HIS DEemeanOR CHANGES AS HE
WHISPERS INTO THE PHONE) Oh. Yes.
Why, so it is. We've been so busy
here. I didn't realize that it was
after the 10th of the month...
Absolutely. You will absolutely
have it tomorrow. I'll pay you in
cash. Yes... Alright...
Alright... Yes, see you tomorrow.

FRANKLIN RUSHES OUT TO THE ELEVATOR.

SCENE H

INT. KNIGHT KISS PERFUME - TERRI'S DESK - DAY
(IRA, TERRI)

TERRI IS TYPING AT HER DESK. IRA WALKS OUT OF HIS OFFICE AND UP TO HER.

IRA

Hey, Terri? Have you seen the
Patchouli Brothers brief?

TERRI

Have you looked in your drawers?

IRA

You know I never put my briefs in
my drawers.

TERRI

Well, maybe if you would start
putting your briefs in your
drawers, they wouldn't get lost.

IRA

My drawers are full. Can I look in
your box?

TERRI BREAKS DOWN LAUGHING.

TERRI

All right! Eeew, eeew, you got me!
Uncle! Uncle!

IRA

Who's the best innuendizer?

TERRI

You are, my liege.

IRA

But seriously, I really can't find
that brief.

TERRI

All right, I'll help you.

TERRI GETS UP AND ACCOMPANIES IRA BACK INTO HIS OFFICE.

SCENE I

INT. KNIGHT KISS PERFUME - IRA'S OFFICE - DAY
(TERRI, IRA, JOSH)

TERRI WALKS OVER TO THE CREDENZA NEXT TO IRA'S DESK AND
KNEELS DOWN TO LOOK THROUGH THE DRAWERS.

TERRI

So Ira, since you haven't said
anything, I'm guessing you haven't
spoken with Stéphane since Friday?

IRA

No, I try to keep my weekends
Stéphane-free. Why?

TERRI

He offered me a promotion to junior
marketing manager.

IRA

Promotion? He's taking you away
from me?

TERRI

Not necessarily, I haven't given
him an answer yet.

IRA

What do you mean, you haven't
answered him? Terri, I know 15
people who would give up rent
control for an opportunity like
that.

TERRI

But, what about the theatre? It's
the whole reason I came to New
York.

IRA

Yeah, but things change. People
change. Dreams change. Terri,
this could be the beginning of the
dream job of your lifetime. Aren't
you happy here?

TERRI

Of course, I am. I'm very happy
here.

IRA

Then, I don't understand why you're
thinking of turning this down.
Unless, you just can't keep your
hands out of my drawers.

JOSH STICKS HIS HEAD IN THE DOOR.

JOSH

Knock, knock. I got Woodland
Surprise on the line. Care to join
me?

IRA

How can I resist?

IRA LEAVES WITH JOSH, AND TERRI IS ALONE.

TERRI

What I really want, Ira, is your
hands in my drawers and your briefs
on my floor.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE J

INT. GRAND PARISIAN BALLET ACADEMY - NIGHT
(ANGELA, FRANKLIN, TERRI, SUE, CHRISTINE, MELINDA, MADAME
SOFIA)

THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS. TERRI AND ANGELA ENTER THE STUDIO
AND WALK UP TO THE DESK.

ANGELA

...gold just seems so old-
fashioned, but on the other hand,
platinum just looks silver.

FRANKLIN

Girls, girls! Welcome back. I see
you just couldn't stay away.

TERRI

Well, I'm committed, Franklin.

ANGELA

As sore as we still are today, I
think we should both be committed.

FRANKLIN

Which is exactly why you need to
keep it up. That will be \$15 each,
please.

THEY EACH HAND FRANKLIN A TWENTY. THE MONDAY NIGHT JAZZ
INSTRUCTOR LEAVES THE STUDIO STOPS AND SMILES AT THE TWO
WOMEN, AND ENTERS THE INSTRUCTORS' DRESSING ROOM.

ANGELA

Oh, my God, you turn on a faucet
around this place and gorgeous men
come out!

SUE AND CHRISTINE ENTER AND EACH HANDS HER CARD TO FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN

Sue! How is my flower from the
East?

SUE

Aliens beam my car into their
spaceship.

FRANKLIN

Wonderful! Slow and steady wins
the race. And how are you my savvy
salesgirl, Christine?

CHRISTINE

My Uncle Carl died and I just got
an inheritance.

FRANKLIN

What? Inheritance? Did you say
you got an inheritance?

CHRISTINE

No... I said playing cards last
night, I got a pair of tens. I
lost.

FRANKLIN

Oh. Well. Don't worry. You'll
get 'em next time.

HE HANDS THE CARDS BACK TO THE TWO GIRLS, WHO LOOK AT THEM
AND TRADE.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(TO TERRI AND ANGELA) Girls, I'm
afraid I only have large bills,
here. Would you by any chance
happen to have exact change?

TERRI

Not me.

ANGELA

Nope. Fresh from the ATM.

FRANKLIN

That's fine. I'll just charge you
\$10 each for the next class. You
did say you were committed, didn't
you?

ANGELA

Uh, yeah...

FRANKLIN

OR, we could make it a down payment
on a class card. Ten classes for
\$135.

TERRI

Tell you what. We'll figure it out
next time.

ANGELA

Receipt, please.

MELINDA SWEEPS IN AND HANDS HER CARD TO FRANKLIN.

TERRI

So, what cut did you like?

ANGELA

I don't know, I'm thinking emerald
with baguettes?

FRANKLIN

Exquisite Melinda. How is our
beautiful ballerina tonight?

MELINDA

Fine. So, Angela, I take it that
you're getting engaged. Who's the
lucky guy?

ANGELA

My boyfriend, Gino.

MELINDA

Ah... Birds of a feather, eh?

ANGELA

What's that supposed to mean?

MELINDA

Nothing. Just an observation that
you're marrying within your
traditional construct. I think
it's charming, really.

ANGELA

Charming!?! Our relationship is
NOT charming!

MADAME SOFIA

GIRLS! PLEASE! Listen to
yourselves. Here, we support
ourselves! APOLOGIZE!

ANGELA AND MELINDA HANG THEIR HEADS LIKE CHILDREN.

ANGELA
I'm sorry...

MELINDA
I'm sorry...

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

Well. Where to go from here?
Franklin, get me the harem girl
costume. I need to clear my mind
and we all need to remember why
we're here.

FRANKLIN

Gee, Sofia. Do you really want to
do that?

MADAME SOFIA

Fai quello che dico!

FRANKLIN

Calmati Sofia!

MADAME SOFIA

Fatelo!
(Then,)

Girls. Go get dressed.

THE WOMEN SCAMPER OFF TO THE DRESSING ROOM.

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

Not you, Terri. Come here. Hold
out your left hand.

TERRI IS CONFUSED, LOOKS AT HER HANDS TO DECIDE WHICH ONE IS
THE LEFT ONE, THEN HOLDS OUT HER LEFT HAND.

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

I thought so. You don't know left
from right, do you? Don't worry.
Neither does Melinda, but you see
what a beautiful ballerina she is.
Let me show you something.

SHE TAKES TERRI TO THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR AND POINTS AT THE
RIGHT-HAND EDGE OF THE MIRROR.

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

This is the audience. Now, do as I
do and practice this at home every
day 10 times. First arabesque.
See, bottom half open to the
audience, top half open to the
audience. Second arabesque.

(MORE)

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

Bottom open, top closed to the audience. Third arabesque. Bottom closed, top open. Fourth arabesque. Bottom closed, top closed. Now turn to the other side.

BOTH WOMEN FACE THE LEFT-HAND EDGE OF THE MIRROR.

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

First arabesque.

TERRI THINKS, THEN STANDS IN FIRST ARABESQUE.

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

Where is your left leg?

TERRI

Uh...

MADAME SOFIA

It doesn't matter. First arabesque is first arabesque no matter which way you face. Right and left don't matter. Now, go get dressed.

SCENE K

INT. KNIGHT KISS PERFUME - IRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT
(IRA, JOSH, STÉPHANE)

IRA IS WORKING AT HIS DESK, AND TAKES A BREAK TO STRETCH. HE LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW AT THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET, AND PERKS UP.

IRA

Hello, my sweet Swedish banker.
Working late like me? I think it's
time for you to do your exercises.
Wait, who's that? Oh, ho-ho. Got
a little something going on the
side with the I.T. guy?

HE CLOSES THE BLINDS AND SPIES AT THEM THROUGH THE SLATS.

JOSH

Am I interrupting something?

IRA JUMPS A FOOT.

IRA

Gaaah! No, I... thought there was
a bat out there.

JOSH

And by bat, you mean a Swedish
banker. Is she exercising?

IRA

I would say she's well into her
pushups by now.

JOSH

Sorry to miss it. Listen Ira, I reworked the Van der Loupe contract to include a clause to protect us from that partial payment game they've been playing.

IRA TAKES THE CONTRACT AND GLANCES THROUGH IT.

IRA

Good. Much better. That last draft was hardly your best effort.

STÉPHANE ENTERS IRA'S OFFICE.

STÉPHANE

Ira. I was hoping you would be working late. Josh could you please excuse us?

JOSH GETS UP AND SAUNTERS OUT.

STÉPHANE (CONT'D)

Something has come up that will impact you greatly and I wanted to talk with you about it.

IRA

Really. Do tell.

SCENE L

INT. GRAND PARISIAN BALLET ACADEMY - NIGHT
(TERRI, MELINDA, ANGELA, FRANKLIN, MADAME SOFIA)

THE WOMEN DRIBBLE OUT OF THE DRESSING ROOM IN ONES AND TWOS.
LAST TO ARRIVE ON THE DANCE FLOOR ARE TERRI AND ANGELA.

TERRI

No, it's true. Watch.

TERRI AND ANGELA WALK UP TO MELINDA.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Oh, Melinda. You've got something
on your lip.

MELINDA

Where?

TERRI

Left corner.

MELINDA BAUBLES WITH HER HANDS FOR A MOMENT, TRYING TO DECIDE
WHICH ONE IS THE LEFT, THEN WIPES HER LIP.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Got it.

MELINDA

Thanks!

MELINDA WALKS OFF, AND TERRI GIVES ANGELA A TRIUMPHANT GRIN.

ANGELA

Oh, God, we have something on her!

THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS, AND FRANKLIN ENTERS THE STUDIO WITH
SOMETHING GAUZY AND VERY, VERY SPARKLY. HE HANDS IT TO
SOFIA.

FRANKLIN

Eccolo, la mia gattina.

MADAME SOFIA

Grazie il mio dolce.

MADAME SOFIA SLIPS THE HAREM GIRL COSTUME OVER HER LEOTARDS,
AND WALKS TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

MADAME SOFIA (CONT'D)

Girls? Please sit along the barre
there. We work so hard in this
class to perfect little exercises
that prepare our bodies and minds.
But, sometimes, I think, we forget
our goal, and that is to dance.
So, I have a little treat to remind
us all why we have chosen to be
here. Franklin?

RAVEL'S *BOLÉRO* BEGINS TO PLAY. MADAME SOFIA PERFORMS A DANCE
THAT IS GRACEFUL AND SENSUAL, REGAL AND COY, TRANSFORMING HER
FROM A SIXTY-SOMETHING DANCE TEACHER TO A BREATHTAKING PRIMA.
WITH EACH STEP SHE DANCES, MADAME SOFIA PURRS ITS NAME:
PIQUÉ, BRISÉ, PAS DE BOURRÉE COURU. THE OUTFIT SPARKLES
HYPNOTICALLY.

ANGELA MUTTERS A WOW, BUT HER REMARK FALLS ON DEAF EARS.
TERRI IS ENTRANCED.

SCENE M

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER
(ANGELA, TERRI)

THE WOMEN RETURN TO THE DRESSING ROOM AFTER CLASS AND ANGELA
PULLS TERRI ASIDE.

ANGELA

So, here's a question. Why is it
that the Russian ballerina speaks
Italian when she gets mad?

TERRI

I don't know. Maybe Franklin
doesn't speak Russian.

ANGELA

Fine. Why didn't she get mad at
him in English? Why did he answer
her in Italian?

TERRI

Beats me.

TERRI OPENS HER LOCKER AND CHECKS THE CELL PHONE IN HER
PURSE.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Oh, no! Angela! I have three
voice mails and seven text messages
from Ira.

ANGELA

Uh-oh. What do they say? Come bail me out, the fashion police caught me before my girlfriend approved my tie?

TERRI

No... Call me at work, call me at work, call me at work, call me at work... work...

ANGELA

Man. They don't call him Skippy the Wonder Dog for nothing. Yip, yip, yip, yip. Maybe you should call him. Try him at work, though.

TERRI IS ALREADY DIALING.

TERRI

Ira? It's me. What's wrong? What happened? Now? But it's 8:30. Okay, I'll see you in about 20 minutes. Okay, bye. That was creepy.

ANGELA

Well, Ira's a creep. Why's he making you come back?

TERRI

He said he couldn't tell me over
the phone. Oh. And he told me not
to tell you. Oops.

SCENE N

INT. KNIGHT KISS PERFUME - TERRI'S DESK - NIGHT
(TERRI, IRA)

TERRI RUSHES TO HER DESK AND STOWS HER PURSE. IRA COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE.

TERRI

Hi. So, what's going on?

IRA

Where were you? Why didn't you answer your phone?

TERRI

I just started ballet school!
Isn't that exciting?

IRA

No, what's exciting is that we're going into a merger.

TERRI

Merger? With whom?

IRA

Spicy Shave.

TERRI

When?

IRA

End of the year.

TERRI

Wow. That's fast.

IRA

Exactly. I'm going to need a strong assistant, and you are going to need to choose right now. Old job, new job. Either way, we're going to need you here.

TERRI

But, dance school...

IRA

You can put it off until next year. It'll be here before you know it.

TERRI

Exactly!

IRA

Oh, Terri. (PAUSING TO THINK) I tell you what. If you stay with me, I'll let you go to class, if you promise to come back afterward and have everything finished before I arrive in the morning.

TERRI

So, in other words, nothing will change except my level of sleep deprivation.

IRA

You won't get that kind of a deal in Marketing.

TERRI

Okay then. Who wants a job in marketing, anyway? Sounds too much like grocery shopping. So. What do you need me to do tonight?

IRA

I've forwarded a cover letter and a list to you. I need you to e-mail them from my account to our manufacturing facilities. Here's my new password.

TERRI

Dumbwaiter?

IRA

This is need-to-know, Terri. And that includes Angela. Okay?

TERRI

Okay. And the New York Times?

IRA

No, and don't turn into Angela, either.

IRA GRABS THE BRIEFCASE FROM HIS OFFICE AND CLOSSES THE DOOR.

IRA (CONT'D)

Well, see you tomorrow.

HE LEAVES TERRI STANDING AT HER DESK ALONE.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

SCENE 0

INT. KNIGHT KISS PERFUME - TERRI'S DESK - LATER
(GUARD, TERRI)

A SECURITY GUARD COMES AROUND THE CORNER ON HIS HOURLY
ROUNDS.

GUARD

Hi, Terri. What are you doing here
so late?

TERRI

I made a deal with Ira that he
would let me take dance classes if
I promise to come back afterwards
and make sure everything is
finished.

GUARD

So, who won in that deal?

TERRI

I'm not sure.

GUARD

Well, you must really like that
class.

TERRI

It's amazing. Tonight, I learned that left and right don't matter, if you just orient yourself. Look. This is first arabesque on the right. See? Open, open? Now, this is first arabesque on the left. See? They're the same. I'm actually learning how to dance!

GUARD

Very impressive. See you 'round.

TERRI

See ya.

THE SECURITY GUARD CONTINUES ON HIS ROUNDS, LEAVING TERRI ALONE.

TERRI (CONT'D)

First arabesque to the right.
First arabesque to the left. I am not a refrigerator. I am an oscillating fan. I can face this way, and then I can face this way. And then I can face this way again. And then this way...

END OF SHOW